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SEDITION:

A

POEM.

(Price *One Shilling*)

30 58

SEDITION:

K.

A

POEM,

Humbly Inſcribed to the

Right Hon. Sir Robert Walpole,

KNIGHT of the

Moſt Noble Order of the *Garter*, &c.

Ἐπὶ τὸ χεῖρον ὑπολαμβάνειν ἅπαντα, ῥᾳθυμότερον ὀργή. Ariſt. Rhet. 2.

O fortunatos nimium, ſua ſi bona norint,
Anglicanos! ----------

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR; and Sold by *E. Nutt* under the Royal-Exchange, *A. Dodd* without Temple-bar, and at the reſt of the Pamphlet-Shops of *London* and *Weſtminſter*. 1736.

30 58
JUN

SEDITION:

A

POEM,

Humbly Inſcribed to the

Right Hon. Sir *Robert Walpole.*

ALL Hail! *Great Sir!* Behold an Infant Muſe!
Proſtrate ſhe lyes, and for Protection ſues,
While thus, advent'rous, to the *factious* Crowd
Thy Praiſe ſhe ſings, thy Worth proclaims aloud!

Britons!

BRITONS! in vain ye ſeek for happier Days!
And reſtleſs wander through miſtaken Ways:
Can ye in all the Steps ye take confide?
The *Way*'s ſoon loſt, when we forſake the *Guide*!
Your unjuſt *Rage*, juſt Heaven bids ye ceaſe;
Your *Patron*'s Wrongs your GOD and KING diſpleaſe!
Give o'er, give o'er t' accuſe *his* worthy Deeds;
Lo! Vengeance hovers o'er your *guilty Heads*!

WALPOLE! whom Merit ſtiles moſt fit and juſt,
In *Him*'s repos'd *Prime-miniſterial* Truſt;
His Care by GEORGE the Beſt of *Kings* approv'd,
His Faithfulneſs by All – Wiſe Men belov'd:
So great his Actions are, ſo good his Ways,
Ev'n keeneſt Satire but extols his Praiſe!
Yet ſay, Oh Muſe, declare thro' what Sedition,
His good deſigns have met with *Oppoſition*;
Whence the dire Cauſe, that thus *Sedition* reigns,
And ſpreads her Poiſon through the tumid Veins.

The Wretch, who burning in a Fever lyes,
Knows Drink's pernicious, yet for Drink ſtill cries;
In raging Dolours breathes his ſore complaint,
Oblig'd to take that bitter Draught *Reſtraint*:

But

But wiſe Phyſicians *Prohibitions* make,
Not for their *own*, but for their *Patient*'s ſake;
Deeply concern'd, wou'd 'ſwage the pois'nous Ill;
Yet the *ſick* Wretch deteſts the *healing* Pill.

So, but of late, with dread Remorſe, we ſaw
The *mad'ning Mob* preſcribe the *Senate* LAW!
Intoxicated with an airy Dream,
All reſolute to blaſt the *needful* Scheme;
Wildly they run to ſave the *Weed* they prize,
Their darling *Weed!* from ſuff'ring an *Exciſe!*
Stiff in the Wrong, each obſtinate purſues
To blight th' Intent, tho' ign'rant of the Views:
This *Indian Herb*, when ſteep'd with *Wine* or *Beer*,
Obnoxious Fumes o'ercaſt the Reaſon clear,
Which with th' aſcending Fog evap'rates into Air!
And, like the Birds of Night, with half-ſhut Eyes,
'Tis in freſh Fumes of Madneſs ſeen to riſe:
Emphatic Sounds firſt fill'd their gaping Ears,
Thro' which their addled Heads were fill'd with Fears.
Then were they taught *Sedition*'s Catechiſm;
CORRUPTION, LIBERTY, and PATRIOTISM!
But Epidemic Rage enſued, and *Patriots* ſee,
Infected with a *Public Lunacy!*

The MAN of CRAFT, a *crafty* Knave indeed,
With *cobling* Genius of the *Criſpin* Breed,
In peaceful Times he firſt began his Trade,
But little Profit got, leſs Progreſs made;
Fearing his *Ends* might tye him up at *Laſt*,
Prone to *Sedition*, to redreſs the Paſt,
Gave out in Bills diſpers'd around the Town,
He'd *Heel-piece* Rage to kick --- againſt the *Crown!*
Th' alluring Project ſoon enſnar'd the Crowd,
And One and All to the *Projector* bow'd:
Sedition's Friends her Poiſon proſp'rous find,
To *mar* not *mend* each crazy *factious* Mind:
Through his deceitful *Craft* the *Public* are
Deign'd to ſupport, and his Impoſtures bear;
And doubtleſs thus he'll drive a furious Trade,
As long as ever *Shoes* with *Heels* are made.

Next view the *Juggler*, dext'rous in the Arts
Of *Hocus-Pocus*, whoſe tranſcending Parts
Exceed the greateſt Skill that Slight imparts!
'Tis Vap'ring FOG, whoſe Miſt before your Eyes
Makes all things ſeem in terrible Diſguiſe!
Pinchbeck and *Fawkes*, tho' often they ſurprize us,
To *Him* are Bunglers in *Deceptio Viſus*:

In

In his Great Booth you ſee, thro' Magic Glaſſes,
Th' enchanted Crowd, with *Heads* and *Heels* like *Aſſes!*
Ideas ſtrange make dang'rous Seas of Fountains,
And Mole-hills turn to huge and monſtrous Mountains.

D'ANVERS! *Sedition*'s Brat! by Proclamation,
Firſt ſpread a *Publick Spirit* through the Nation,
A *Spirit* thrice diſtill'd from *Defamation!*
Which buzzing in the cred'lous Ears of Traders,
That *Parliaments* turn'd *Property-Invaders*;
A *MAN of FROTH, whoſe *Suds* waſh'd off their Wrong,
Chief Leader of a diſcontented Throng,
Soon let 'em know his worthy Zeal was bent
In *Right* or *Wrong* t'oppoſe the GOVERNMENT.

DEFECTS, tho' e'er ſo ſmall, in troubled States,
Sow great Complaints which *Faction* cultivates;
Sedition ſprings, as ill Weeds grow, apace,
And ſome rob *Janus* of his double Face:
Theſe worthy Zealots ſure have plainly ſhewn,
By *Publick Good* they only meant their *own*;

When

---

* *A ſtrenuous Oppoſer of the Exciſe Scheme.*

When they, poſſeſs'd with Evil, blind to Laws,
Wou'd ſeem to have at heart their *Country*'s Cauſe,
Yet gull Mankind to gain their own Applauſe.
Rather than factious Broils once rais'd ſhould ceaſe,
They'd forge great Hardſhips, quit their native Eaſe!
To ſhew what Tools of *Faction* they are made,
They vent their Spleen in Antick * *Maſquerade!*
With greateſt Inſults theſe Incendiaries treat
The Rich, the Poor, as well the Good as Great.

Theſe *Patriots*, BRITONS! wou'd ye ſtedfaſt view,
And through their winding Ways the Snakes purſue,
You'd ſoon perceive yourſelves impos'd upon;
That they conſult no *Int'reſt* --- but their own:
Theſe Underminers of the *Government*,
Who are perverſely to Rebellion bent,
Your happy *Conſtitution* wou'd deſtroy,
That they their ill Deſigns might ſtill employ!

The beſt of *Kings* unjuſtly have been deem'd
Oppreſſive Tyrants, trueſt Patriots ſeem'd

The

---

* *Alluding to certain ſcandalous Bills ſcattered about at a late Maſquerade.*

The moſt deſtructive to their Country's Eaſe;
More true, alas! than the *pretenſive Theſe!*
The Men who moſt their *Country's Good* have ſought,
To vile Diſgrace and Infamy 've been brought;
To Scaffolds ſome, whoſe great and glorious Fame,
Immortalizing Statues ſhou'd proclaim!
To ſhew the Madneſs of rebellious Times,
See Virtue ſuffer for *imagin'd Crimes!*

To tell th' Effects which *factious* Cauſes bring,
The Muſe wou'd gladly not extend her Wing,
Or name the Heroes Fate, paſt Records ſwell,
When *Faction* triumph'd, or when Honour fell;
But pow'rful Truth wou'd fain the Muſe engage,
To paint the vicious Acts of ev'ry Age:
But, Oh! too great would prove the mighty Deed,
To tell in ev'ry State what Heroes bleed!
Some few ſhe ſings; Attend, ye *factious* Elves,
And in the Mirror view your odious ſelves!
SOLON was baniſh'd, ſage PYTHAG'RAS ſlain;
Thro' *Faction* rais'd by vile ambitious Men:
HANNIBAL and SCIPIO too of priſtine Age,
Victors in War, Victims to *Pop'lar Rage!*
BRITANNIA's Iſle, alas! hath ſwell'd the Score;
Witneſs the Fall of Great Sir THOMAS MORE,

And RALEIGH too! whoſe Name ye ought to prize,
He taught ye firſt to *ſmoke*, -- without EXCISE!
Yet theſe were Faction's bloody Sacrifice!
When Faction is mature with Fury grown,
She'd murther Miniſters, and Kings dethrone!

Yet ſtay, -- no more: Examples of this Kind
Tend but to ſhow the ſtrongeſt factious Mind;
Such horrid Dooms, *Britannia*'s happy Shore
Shall ne'er invade, 'till Time ſhall be no more;
In tuneful Harmony her Sons ſhall join,
And Wealth and Peace in ev'ry Village ſhine;
Soon will ſhe then forget her former Broils,
And rural Swains renew their pleaſing Toils.

LONDON! Thou Seat of Bounty, plenteous Town!
Fatten'd with coſtly Stores, Oh! why do groan
Such dol'rous Murmurs forth from happy Thee?
And why ſo few from wretched Diſcord free?
Thro' Rage obdurate you've been more miſled,
Than murm'ring *Iſraelites*, who wanted Bread;
Tho' you with utmoſt Plenty have been fed:
And from pretended Grievances you riſe,
Firſt to diſlike, then ſtraitway to deſpiſe:

How

How can I praiſe, or curſe to thy Defert?
Or tear thy ſound from thy corrupted Part?

BRITAIN! thrice happy Iſle above the reſt,
Secure in Freedom, in a Monarch bleſs'd!
Through fertile Banks of thine, all Nations know
Plenty and Peace in ſoft *Meanders* flow;
Sedition has not wholly ſeiz'd on Thee,
Thy nobler Parts are from th' Infection free;
Reclaim your wand'ring Sons, retain your Eaſe,
No longer ſeek to baniſh bliſsful Peace!
Thou, who to other Nations always may
Remain a Terror, thro' Great GEORGE's Sway!
With envious Admiration of thy Fame,
Moſt diſtant Foes e'en tremble at thy Name.
Oh! let not *Inland Diſcord* Havock make,
And *Conſtitutions* well eſtabliſh'd break!
Think what a KING adorns thy ſplendid Throne!
The Source of ALBION's Bliſs, Great GEORGE alone!
The ſerene Luſtre of whoſe Scepter's Sway
Shines like th' enliv'ning Sun's Meridian Ray!
How wiſe, how valiant all his Actions are!
Peaceful at Home, dreadful Abroad in War!

With

With equal Greatneſs, Courage, Conduct meet,
To make his Sov'reign Pow'r ſtill more complete.
For You H'has fully ſhewn his Royal Love;
Let then your Hearts and Minds more loyal prove;
Let earneſt Pray'rs invoke the Deity,
For num'rous Days to crown Felicity,
That You enjoy, thro' His auſpicious Reign;
That Diſcord ſoon may break her ſervile Chain,
And *factious* Minds no longer may complain.

As when bright *Phœbus*, thro' oppoſing Clouds,
His latent Rays from the Terreſtrial Crowds
A while ſuſpends, withdraws his chearful Face,
And ſtormy *Boreas* ſubſtitutes his Place;
Behold! at his Approach what Tempeſts riſe!
What dreadful Murmurs eccho thro' the Skies!
The mutineering Blaſts to Us declare
What Rage, what Fury rends th' *ætherial* Air.
At length, when *Envy*, ſwell'd beyond Extent,
Seeks to redreſs her Spleen by greater Vent,
In quick diſperſing Flames her Rage is ſent;
Peals of loud Thunder break th' united Storm,
Expiring *Rage* reſumes a peaceful Form.
When thus the vap'ring Clouds at length are toſs'd,
By ſportive Winds, in Air extenſive loſt,

Bright

Bright *Sol* breaks forth with his Imperial Sway,
Cheers th' eclipt Sight, refines the gloomy Day!

'Tis thus with *Realms*, by long and peaceful Days
Grown rich with Plenty, and poſſeſs'd of Eaſe;
But, glutted by luxurious Surfeits, they
Spurn at the Source, and Reaſon ceaſe t' obey:
With Diſcontent and with Rebellion clad,
The *factious* Tribe run *popularly mad!*
Faction then raging, *Oppoſition* ſtrange
Infatuates their Minds, to cry for Change
Of peaceful Government, unhappy Rage!
What this condemns, wou'd bleſs a future Age!
Theſe *Patriots*, of *Themiſtocleſian* Race,
Thro' wiſe Pretenſions prove Intentions baſe:
The Spawn of *Faction*, breeding in the *Town*,
Brought forth theſe Monſters, which ſhe claims her own:
Theſe, ſet on fire by *Envy*'s furious Flames,
Spread o'er the Country their fictitious Names:
Such dire Effects ſhe caus'd, when in her Youth,
Fear paſs'd for *Danger*, bare *Belief* for *Truth*:
But when maturer grown, with *Envy* ſhe
Exceeds her Limits, ſwells to that degree,

Her pois'nous Bags are with Infection fill'd,
Their Venom they diſcharge, which being ſpill'd,
The ſable Cloud of dreaded Woe's diſpell'd:
When *Faction*'s Fury's ſpent, ſhe weaker grows;
And Greatneſs triumphs o'er her envious Foes;
BRITAIN herſelf again to Peace inclines,
Thus *Envy* breaks, and WALPOLE's Merit ſhines!

FINIS.

30 JUN 58